

# FAIRY LAND of EVANGELINE HEARS TRAMP of SOLDIERS PITCH THOUSANDS of TENTS AMID APPLE BLOSSOMS OF ACADIAN VILLAGES

## INDUSTRIES FORGOTTEN in DORMANT DAYS SPURRED to LIFE by WAR'S DEMANDS

LIKE the Green Isle of Erin, the Land of Evangeline is the "home of the lost cause" and the scene of a real love romance which for self-sacrifice, heroism and devotion, as told in Longfellow's famous poem, ranks amongst the greatest love stories in world literature, and is accounted the most tragical and moving of them all.

The tramp of soldiers through Nova Scotia has completed a cycle of years and brought an awakening there which for a conservative country is portentous indeed. War's demands industrially have made her realize that she has been sleeping. Her cities and seaports fairly hum now and her merchants have unfamiliar prosperity.

Amid her "hundred miles of apple blossoms" are pitched the tents of khaki-clad men answering the call of their country and only resting within her gates until ordered "over seas." Government pay checks, war orders, bright crop prospects and a demand for her products have made the Nova Scotians happy.

Realizing that her sons and daughters are scattered over Canada and the United States, having given their brain and brawn to the development of both, Nova Scotia has inaugurated a "letter writing week," in which those who have stayed at home are writing to those who have migrated, asking them to return and visit the scenes of years gone by.

### NOVA SCOTIAN NAMES HIGH IN ALL AMERICA

For generations Nova Scotia's sons have sought fortunes anywhere but at home. On both sides of the forty-ninth parallel those who have come from Acadia have written their names high. So high in fact that those who stayed at home have asked: "What might we not have had if we had kept the brains and energy that have gone from here?"

Boards of trade in every Nova Scotian city and town are now uniting to develop the riches unquestionably there and to give the coming generations an opportunity to express themselves in deeds at home rather than elsewhere. Industries long semi-dormant are spurred to capacity by the demands of war. New ones have been started. Campaigns are in swing to educate the farmers to use their land to the best advantage, to raise sheep, to do things others are doing elsewhere—in fact, to progress.

What bonnie Scotland's plains and hills, lakes and fells, battle fields and shrines were, and are yet, to England's myriad hosts of nature-lovers and tourists, such, for three-quarters of a century, has been the "Land of Evangeline," in Nova Scotia, to tens of thousands of tourists from the United



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States and to many from other foreign countries.

In summer made golden with sunshine and magical with the loveliest beauties of Nature, the Land of Evangeline teems with absorbing historic romance. Small as its area is, it contains much of the magical, mystical beauty of Nature—so much romance of legend, tradition, heroism, faith and love.

### QUAINT GRAND PRE CENTERS ROMANCE LAND

The Land of Evangeline is suffused with the imaginative beauty which the fancy weaves around moss-grown fortresses and ancient indecipherable tombstones; with the pathetic, wistful appeal to the heart which is awakened by relics that recall—

"Far-off, old, unhappy things  
And battles long ago."

The magic of earth, the romance of pioneer life in the "forest primeval," of massacre, of warfare, of heroism, of self-sacrifice and devotion, and the poetry of the tragical love of a winsome Acadian maiden—these have transmitted the Land of Evangeline into a centre of compelling interest to nature-lovers, students of history, archaeology and literature, and to holiday seekers and tourists in general. They have made a perennial shrine of the quaint village of Grand Pre, which was the home of Evangeline, and its picturesque relics and environs, Evangeline's well, the site of the forge of Basil, the blacksmith, the house of Father Felician, the old willows (a group still standing), the site where stood the house in which "Boy Blue" was wedded on the night Coylon de Villiers massacred the British in the village of Melancon, 1747, the Basin of Mines and blue-crested Blomidon, standing stark, shyer and silent like a mighty sentinel of this real land of romance.

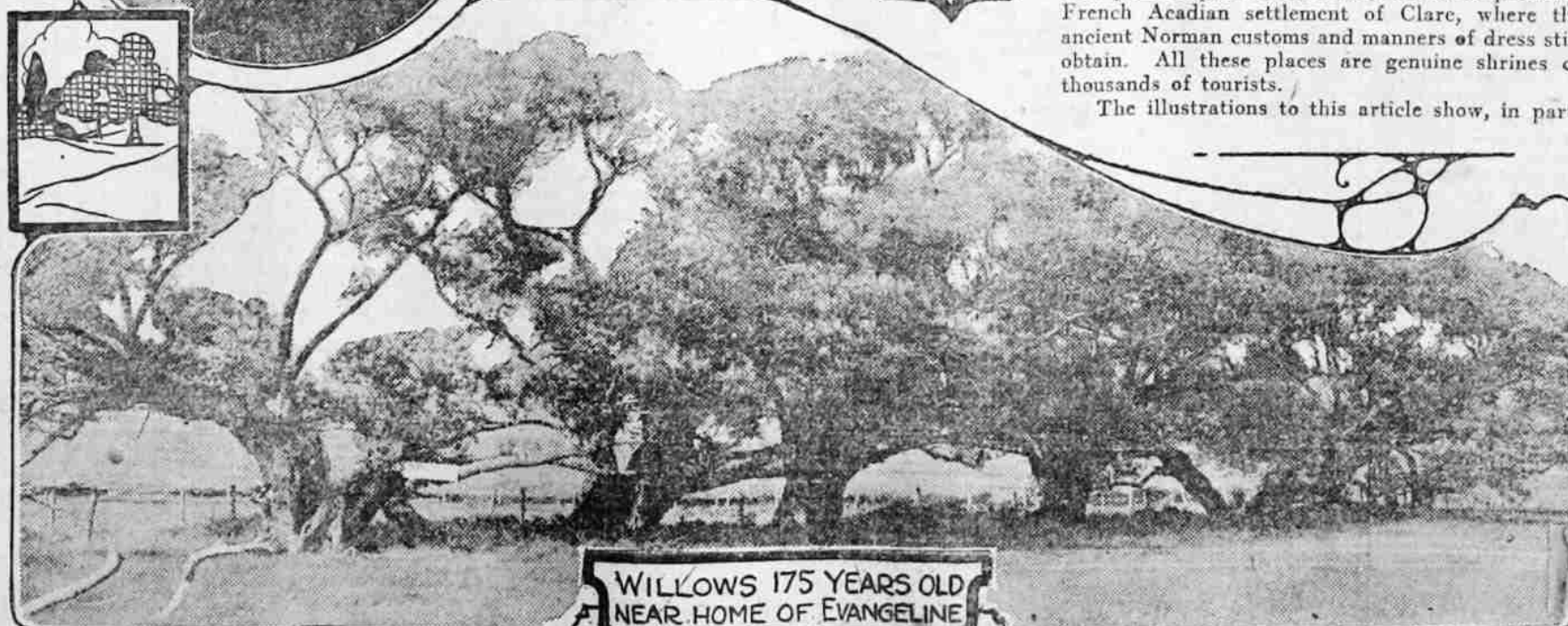
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Then there are the pleasant meadow and village of Grand Pre, the town of Wolfville, which is the railway centre for American tourists visiting the home of Evangeline and its environs, the Annapolis Valley, the towns of Annapolis Royal and Digby, both picturesque and romantic, and the sequestered French Acadian settlement of Clare, where the ancient Norman customs and manners of dress still obtain. All these places are genuine shrines of thousands of tourists.

The illustrations to this article show, in part,

the natural beauty of Grand Pre, the home of Evangeline. The Grand Pre Railway station is three miles east of Wolfville, an educational and summer resort centre on the line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. The village of Grand Pre in the Acadian days lay in the fertile meadow. The original landscape remains practically unchanged. The older portions of the ancient dykes which reclaimed the salt marshes from the sea can still be seen. A visitor can still look upon the breeze-ruffled waters of the Basin of Minas and, perhaps, watch white winged boats glide over them with the grace of a gull in the air. He can still behold Cape Blomidon looming in the distance, dark, high-crested and silent, if the day is bright; forboding or ominous if the day is clouded.

In one part of the meadow stand what remains of the willows planted there by the original Acadians. Also to be seen is the well which some are pleased, through poetic sentiment, to name "Evangeline's Well," but which more likely was the source of the general water supply for the village. Only the reputed sites of the forge of Basil, the blacksmith, and of Father Felician are shown to the tourist. But he will be shown the real site of the village of Melancon, where the French under de Villiers massacred a body of New England troops in the dead of winter, nine years before the expulsion of the Acadians. Portions of the church of St. Charles, including the foundations of the chimney and the fireplace built by the soldiers who were quartered in the church during the expulsion, were recently discovered. The lovely Evangeline herself, of course, and her pretty docile "bell-heifer" have long, long ago turned to dust. For her sad story and her tragic search for her lover, one must turn to Longfellow's celebrated poem, but the Land of Evangeline is by itself a little world of wondrous enchantment.



WILLOWS 175 YEARS OLD  
NEAR HOME OF EVANGELINE